

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 549.—VOL. XI.

SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1894.

PRICE 1½d.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.*

By JOHN K. LEYS, AUTHOR OF 'THE LINDSAYS,' &c.

CHAPTER I.—PARTED.

BACKWARDS and forwards Hugh Thesiger tramped for the best part of an hour, as if he had been on sentry; and always, as he passed the stile, he threw a wistful glance up the field-path which lay beyond. Yet no one came; and the red winter sun was already touching the horizon. A tall, strong fellow he was, with bright, dark eyes, a short, black beard, and a resolute step—such a man as any woman might be proud to have for a lover.

After pacing to and fro for a long time, he stopped, pulled out a silver hunting-watch, looked at it hastily, and closed the lid with an exclamation of despair. It was more than an hour after the appointed time. But small as the remaining chance was, Hugh would not forego it. He sat down on the stile and gazed over the snow-clad landscape—white fields and fallows, black woods, and a few clustering cottages—without seeing them. The level sunbeams glanced full on the battlements of a fine old house called Roby Chase, the residence of Sir Richard Boldon, which stood among its sheltering trees about two miles away. As the young man's eyes fell there, a frown gathered on his face; then the frown passed away, and he sank into a reverie. The sun's last rays trembled on the topmost branches of the wood, and vanished, leaving them brown, bare, and cold; but Thesiger did not move.

It was almost twilight when he started and looked round. His ears had not deceived him. Light as the girl's tread had been on the soft new-fallen snow, he heard, and as he turned, he blushed like a girl. Yes, it was she, her dainty figure, strong and supple, drawing swiftly

nearer. In a second, Hugh had crossed the stile and was running to meet her.

'Thank you so much for coming, Adelaide!' he cried. 'I was beginning to fear that something had detained you, and that I should have to go back to London without seeing you.'

'I am sorry to be so late; but really it was impossible for me to get away sooner. And now it is nearly dark! I shall not be able to go to the Moat with you, after all.' Her words and tone were cold; but a keen observer would have noticed a flush on her cheek, which, slight as it was, betrayed her real feeling. Hugh Thesiger, however, had his eyes on the ground at his feet, and when he looked up, the blush had vanished.

'Never mind the Moat; that was only an excuse,' he answered almost roughly. 'I felt as if I *must* see you alone—as if I could not endure silence any longer. I have wanted to speak to you, for years, Adelaide, and you know why I have waited. I have longed to tell you'—

'Hush, Hugh; don't tell me! I know what you are going to say; but I cannot listen to you.'

'Cannot listen to me! Why?'

'I mean, it would only give needless pain to us both. Why spoil the pleasant friendship that has—united us so long, ever since we can remember? Why risk putting an end to it for ever? Why not go on as we have always done?'

'You do not love me, then,' said Hugh sadly. 'You cannot feel for me one spark of what I

* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

feel for you, or you could not'—He caught sight of a look in her face, though it was turned partly away from him, a look which contradicted her words. 'Oh Adelaide!' he cried, 'have I mistaken you? Do you really care for me? Is it only that you think we ought to wait?'

'No, no, no!' she exclaimed, turning and facing him. 'Why do you pretend to misunderstand me? I said that I cannot listen to you, and I beg you to say no more.'

They walked on a little way in silence.

'Shall we go back to the Rectory now? It is getting almost dark,' said the young man quietly.

They turned and walked back to the stile that they had quitted.

'Adelaide, I cannot understand you,' he continued. 'I have never concealed from you that I love you, and have loved you for years; and I thought—perhaps I was altogether wrong—but I thought you had a little of the same feeling for me. You know why I have been so long silent; but now that work is beginning to come in, now that there is a fair prospect of my being able to make a home for you, I must speak. I must say, "Adelaide, will you marry me?"' He stopped, and held out his hand.

She brushed it lightly aside and went on. 'Now, Hugh, do be reasonable,' she said. 'Why harrow your feelings and mine by saying all that over again? I have told you that *it can't be*. You must go back to town and busy yourself over your law-books, and forget this little scene.'

'Adelaide, do you mean that?'

'Of course I do.'

'Then you cannot really love me?'

The girl was silent.

'And yet I cannot believe that you are indifferent to my love. It is not that you are afraid of poverty, or of a few years of waiting, surely? You are not a coward, Adelaide?'

'Since you choose to call it cowardice, I am a coward!' The words flashed out in a burst of temper, which the girl wilfully indulged herself in. It was at least a relief from the deeper and keener feelings which were torturing her. 'I am a coward,' she repeated; 'and why? Because I am not willing to spend the best years of my life in waiting for the good fortune that may knock at your door—or may not. You must forgive my plain speaking, Hugh. You are poor, almost as poor as we are at the Rectory. I shall not tell you how badly off we are—never mind. If I were to marry a poor man, I should be miserable, and I should make my husband miserable. If I were to marry otherwise, I should lighten the load that is crushing my father into his grave, bring a little brightness into my mother's eyes, and probably change the whole future for my brothers.'

'And you mean that?—'

'Stop! Hear me out. It is the popular

notion—an idea sprung from reading many novels—that the first and noblest duty a girl has is to marry as it pleases her fancy—marry the man she thinks herself in love with. If she does not do this, more especially if she marries any one else, she is "false to her womanhood." That is the modern cant. It is cant, and nothing else. It is a low and false conception of a woman's duty; certainly it is not my conception of it.'

'So you would marry me, then, Adelaide, if I were a wealthy man?' asked Hugh Thesiger slowly, searching the girl's handsome features with his eyes as he spoke.

'I do not see how that affects the question,' she answered, as the rich blush rose to her cheek.

'But would you?'

'It is possible.'

'Whether you loved me or not?'

The girl was silent. 'Your question is a wanton insult,' she said at last.

'I wanted to test you, Adelaide—to see whether you would admit that you would act up to your theory of a woman's duty. I don't believe you would. But forgive me if I have pained you. Don't let us quarrel when we must part at least for some months. I wanted to say this, Adelaide—If you like, or rather, if you would consent to wait for one year, I will give up my profession, and take to some quicker method of earning a living. I have friends. I will get work in an office, or on the press. Or, we could emigrate. Even if we were poor, we would be happy. Oh Adelaide, you have no idea how I love you!'

'You think so now—you think we could be happy in poverty; but it is not so. Love in a cottage might be tolerable; but what poor married folks have nowadays is not a cottage, half hidden, as a cottage should be, in honey-suckle and roses, but a small, ugly, workman's dwelling, one of a row. Married life for us would mean food that we couldn't eat, clothes that we should be ashamed to wear, a thousand petty meannesses. It would mean that we could not have even fresh air, or clean things to put on, or books, or the society of our friends. You would like it, Hugh, just as little as I should.'

'I will risk it, Adie, gladly.'

'But I won't.'

'You don't think much of the Milly Barton type of womanhood, it appears,' said Thesiger, rather bitterly.

'You are quite mistaken,' answered the girl, with some emphasis. 'I think Milly Barton is one of the most lovely characters in fiction, certainly the sweetest George Eliot ever conceived. She was a hundred thousand times too good for poor Amos, of course.—But I never pretended to be a Milly Barton, Hugh. Did I?'

'No,' he replied.

That, at least, was true. Adelaide Bruce had never laid claim to the more saintly of the feminine virtues, but she was at least no hypocrite. If she gave up anything for a friend, as she sometimes did, it was always with a struggle. She never pretended that she did not care for the good things of this life;

and, as a rule, she took care that she had her fair share of them—not more than her fair share, but the full portion of goods that fell to her. Just then, Hugh Thesiger remembered a little scene of which, some years before, he had been an involuntary spectator—a scene that illustrated Adelaide's character pretty well. He had gone up to the Rectory to escort the girls, Adelaide and her younger sister Marjory, to a boating party. As it happened, Marjory had a headache.

'If you were an unselfish girl,' said Mrs Bruce in a complaining tone, 'and really cared for your sister, you would give up the party, and read to Marjory.'

'Spend this lovely afternoon in a dark room?' cried Adelaide. 'Indeed, mamma, I couldn't do such a thing. If I loved Marjory ever so much more than myself, I might do it; but I don't; and I don't know why I should. And if she were a horribly selfish girl, she might allow me to do it, but not otherwise.'

'I have known girls who would have done it,' said her mother.

'I daresay; but my goodness doesn't go so far,' coolly returned Adelaide. 'If it were possible to change places with her, I might do that for half an hour; or even, perhaps, for an hour, if I wasn't enjoying myself *very* much; and I wouldn't mind taking the headache for that time; but I really *couldn't* give up the whole afternoon, you know.'

And Hugh remembered very well, that although he had been somewhat shocked by Adelaide's frank renouncing of the higher path, he had thought, even at the time, that there was something to be said for her view of the matter.

But the two young people had now got close to the church. Only one field, and that a narrow one, lay between them and the Rectory gate.

'Now we will forget this conversation, won't we?' asked the girl brightly.

'I can never do that.'

'Well, we can agree not to think of it, and never to speak of it. We will simply go on being friends, as we have always been.'

'It is very good of you to say that we may,' murmured Hugh. He was thinking that perhaps, many years after this, when the golden days of youth had all run out, and passion had grown cold, they might be able to marry. Suddenly he turned, and there was a look on his face such as the girl had never seen there before. 'Adelaide,' he said, 'I heard a rumour yesterday, a very absurd rumour, and one I should not have dreamt of mentioning to you, but that'—He had meant to say that some things she had said within the last half-hour had seemed to confirm the report; but fearing to displease her, he substituted: 'I should go back to London with an easier mind, if I heard you deny that it was true. The rumour was, that you were going to marry Sir Richard Boldon.'

It had come at last—the accusation Adelaide had been dreading all through the interview; and though her heart beat fast and her limbs trembled, she schooled her face and her voice, that she might be able to answer her lover calmly.

'Of course, I know it's absurd to couple your name with that of a man almost old enough to be your grandfather, an uneducated, purse-proud boor into the bargain, but—It's not true, is it, Adelaide?'

'Sir Richard has never asked me to marry him,' she said.

'But if he did, what answer would you give him?'

'Oh, really, Hugh, this is too much! You are abusing your privileges. How can I tell what I should do under imaginary circumstances? Let us talk of something practical. When are we to see you down at Woodhurst again?'

'So you intend to marry that old man, that mean, common man, with his years, and his temper—and his money.'

'You say so, not I.—Good-bye, Hugh.'

'Don't, Adie! Don't! I love you; and in your heart I believe you love me. Marry me. Wait a year or two, till I can earn enough to live upon, and marry me. After all, "the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment." Don't sell yourself to a man you can't respect.'

A second time Adelaide was glad of an excuse for being angry. 'You seem not to care how grossly insulting your words are, so long as you can give me pain,' she said; 'but as we shall not meet again for some time, it would be a pity to quarrel; so I shall not resent them. It will be time enough to consider Sir Richard's proposals if he makes any. In any case, you have no right—But I didn't mean to say anything to wound you. Think of me at the best, Hugh.—Good-bye. Give me your hand—I will have it—Oh!'

She got more than she bargained for; for Hugh, carried away by his passionate love of her, seized her in his arms, strained her to his breast, and covered her face with mad, passionate kisses.

'How dare you! For shame, Hugh! Let me go, or I shall scream.'

He let her go at last. 'There; I couldn't help it, Adie. I hope you will forgive me one day—when we are married.'

'That day will be never!' cried the girl defiantly.

'Oh yes, it will. You have given me fresh hope, somehow. I can hardly tell how. I think we shall be married yet—one day.'

'You'—The tears would no longer be kept back; and Adelaide would not for the world let her lover know that she was on the verge of crying. She slipped inside the little wicket-gate, near which they had been standing, and ran up to the house, waving a farewell with her handkerchief.

Hardly had she reached the shelter of her bedroom, when the storm of sobs and tears broke forth. She had borne up well, and had said what she meant to say; but that mad embrace, so sweet to remember, so unexpected, had upset all her calculations. She could not, if it had been to save her life, simulate the indignation which, if she had not loved Hugh, she would have naturally felt. There could be no doubt that he knew now that in her heart she loved him; and that being so, it meant,

she feared, that he would soon cease to respect her. For Adelaide knew very well that Sir Richard Boldon meant to propose to her; and she had made up her mind to marry him.

A FRIEND OF LIVINGSTONE.

By H. A. BRYDEN.

THERE died recently, at the great age of nearly ninety years, at his principal town of Molepolole, in the Bechuanaland Protectorate, Sechele, chief of the Bakwena tribe, one of the earliest and best friends that David Livingstone ever found in Africa. In 1842, Livingstone, on first penetrating the African interior, founded a Mission station among the Bakwena. Sechele became his first and most important convert, and it was mainly due to this chief that the great missionary explorer was able to settle for some years in a comfortable home at Kolobeng, where he acquired his wonderful knowledge of the surrounding tribes and of their dialects and customs. From the Mission station of Kolobeng, Livingstone made some of his earliest and not least remarkable journeys: the crossing of the Kalahari Desert, the discovery of Lake Ngami, and the Botletli and Chobe Rivers; and the first expedition to the Zambesi, were all made from the base of Sechele's country. And from Sechele's knowledge of the interior and its tribes, Livingstone undoubtedly derived the greatest possible assistance in these earlier days.

Like most other South African chiefs of the earlier part of this century, Sechele had seen many vicissitudes of fortune. When a child, his father, Mochoosele, was murdered in a tribal struggle; and Sechele himself was only reinstated by the interference of Sebituane, the great chief of the Makololo, then on his conquering journey towards the Zambesi. Sechele never forgot his deliverer; and it was mainly through his good offices with Sebituane that Livingstone was long afterwards to be so warmly received on the Zambesi by that great chief, and to be able to establish his wonderful influence with the Makololo tribe. And it was by the aid of volunteers from among the Makololo that Livingstone made his striking journey up the Zambesi to St Paul de Loanda on the west coast, and thence back again, right across the Continent, tracing the Zambesi to its mouth, and discovering the marvellous Victoria Falls *en route*.

Livingstone lived for some years at Kolobeng with the Bakwena tribe. Sechele became a very apt scholar and quickly learned to read. Formerly, he had been a great hunter and warrior. Now, so closely did he apply himself, that he became rapidly corpulent from want of exercise, a habit of body he was never afterwards able to rid himself of. He put away his numerous wives, confined himself to one, and in every possible way laboured hard with Livingstone to introduce Christianity among his tribe. So eager was he, that he often amused Livingstone by suggesting the aid of corporal punishment. 'Do you imagine,' said he, 'that these people will ever believe by your merely talking to them? I can make them do nothing except by thrashing them;

and if you like, I shall call my head-men, and with our rhinoceros-hide whips we will soon make them all believe together.'

But, as Livingstone and many another devoted missionary has found, the African native is extremely difficult of conversion—that is, of real and not of simulated conversion. In spite of all Sechele's influence and hopes, and of Livingstone's labours, not much progress was made among the Bakwena. And years after, when Livingstone had passed away out of South Africa to the unknown regions in which he met his death, Sechele, probably in despair at his great teacher's ill success, himself abandoned the struggle, and returned to the old tribal ways and habits. It may be doubted whether even a stronger man than Sechele—and Sechele was a chief of far more than average strength of character—could have resisted the solid and unassailable resistance of heathenism offered by almost his entire tribe. Even in his principal wife he had a stubborn unbeliever. This lady, named Masebele, was, in Livingstone's words, 'an out-and-out greasy disciple of the old school. . . . Again and again have I seen Sechele send her out of church to put her gown on; and away she would go with her lips shot out, the very picture of unutterable disgust at his newfangled notions.'

During Livingstone's early years with Sechele, an abnormal drought of three years prevailed. The Bakwena of course attributed this to the Doctor's coming, and their hearts became yet more hardened against Christianity. They believed that Livingstone had cast some magical spell upon the chief, and the head-men would often come to him begging for the blessing of only a few showers. 'Only make rain once,' they said, 'and we shall all, men, women, and children, come to the school and sing and pray as long as you please.' But the rain never came, and Sechele's position became more difficult than ever. Considering the many troubles and trials of these early years, it is greatly to the credit of the chief that he fought the fight he did, on Livingstone's behalf, so stoutly and so long.

During the years of Livingstone's life at Kolobeng, the Transvaal Boers, who had recently crossed the Vaal River and driven the marauding Matabele to the north, viewed his settlement with the greatest jealousy. Those were the days in which these rude frontier-men claimed the whole African interior beyond the Orange River as '*ons veldt*' (our country), and disputed the right of any Englishmen to enter it. In those days, Livingstone strenuously contested this claim, and said prophetically: 'The Boers resolved to shut up the interior, and I determined to open the country; and we shall see who have been most successful in resolution—they or I.' Pretorius and Potgieter, the Boer leaders, set about an absurd story that Livingstone had presented Sechele with a cannon for the defence of his town—the present had really consisted of an iron cooking-pot—and were always threatening the Bakwena tribe. Finally, during the missionary's expedition to Lake Ngami, they attacked Kolobeng, raided a quantity of cattle, slew a number of Sechele's people, and wantonly destroyed Liv-

ingstone's station. They looted all the available effects, destroyed the missionary's treasured library and medicines, and plundered also a quantity of stores and cattle left by two English gentlemen then hunting to the north. For this wanton outrage Livingstone never obtained one farthing compensation. In those miserable times Great Britain severely disclaimed any interests north of the Orange River! Even the Orange River sovereignty—now the thriving Orange Free State Republic—was abandoned to the Dutch; and English hunters, travellers, traders, and missionaries who dared to penetrate the interior did so at their own risk, and even with the coldest discouragement. Matters have changed indeed since those days—thanks, however, not to the British Government entirely.

In this attack on Kolobeng, Sechele defended himself stoutly, and slew twenty-eight Boers. After the battle, he at once set off for Cape Town, with the intention of proceeding to England to seek the Queen's protection. At Cape Town, however, finding his means at an end, and his projects little encouraged, he changed his mind, and returned sadly home. Shortly after this affair, a Boer *commando* was entrapped in ambush among the Bakwena hills. The Boers only purchased their liberty by restoring Sechele's children, who had been carried into captivity; and, after this lesson, the Bakwena seem to have been left severely alone by their Transvaal neighbours, although often threatened. Sechele always remained the firm friend of the English, and was one of the first among the northern chiefs to welcome the expedition of Sir Charles Warren to Bechuana-land in 1884-85. Besides his long intimacy with Livingstone, his friendship for the English, and his stout resistance to Boer encroachments, Sechele acquired great renown among the Bechuana tribes as a king-maker—a sort of African Earl of Warwick. The Bakwena tribe formerly ranked first and highest among its neighbours, and its chief took precedence. Sechele was not slow to avail himself of this advantage. His northern neighbours, the Bamangwato, were at the middle of this century in the constant throes of intertribal feud. Sechele tendered his offices and aid time after time, and frequently assisted in the restoration of deposed or fugitive chiefs.

Sekhome, chief of the Bamangwato—father of the present chief Khama—and his brother Macneng, were constantly at variance. During the long period between 1840 and 1870, there were many tribal intrigues and revolutions, in which first one, then the other, of these worthies was successful. The deposed chief always seems to have taken refuge with Sechele, and when his turn came round, was assisted by that chief into power again. In these transactions, Sechele's strength and authority became greatly augmented.

For many years past the old chief has been settled at Molepolole, where Livingstone first found him—it was often called Litubaruba in those early days. Here, in a strong place among rocky hills, a great native town, mustering some eight thousand inhabitants, finds shelter. It is a most picturesque place, manifestly chosen from its unassailable position for the

defence of the tribe in time of war. The grass-thatched huts of the Bakwena are seen dotted closely about the hill-sides, and, from a distance, look not unlike a vast collection of monstrous beehives.

Of late years Sechele had become too old for business, and his son Sebele—no great lover of the English—has acted as chief-regent. The old chief—'Black Sechele' as he was called of old, from the extreme darkness of his skin, even among dark-skinned Africans—will be long remembered among the Bechuana as a strong, sagacious, and most capable tribal leader.

And among Englishmen, the man who first offered Livingstone a foothold in Africa, who successfully preserved middle Bechuana-land from the assaults of the frontier Boers, and who ever heartily welcomed the great English hunters and explorers—such as Oswell, Vardon, Gordon Cumming, and others—to the then unknown hunting-grounds of the far interior, is surely deserving of a modest niche in the fabric of South African history.

AT MARKET VALUE.*

By GRANT ALLEN,

Author of *This Mortal Coil*, *Blood Royal*, *The Scallywag*, &c.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—MORTIMER STRIKES HOME.

WHEN Arnold arrived at Stanley & Lockhart's, it almost seemed to him as if the sun had gone back upon the dial of his lifetime to the days when he was still an Earl and a somebody. True, the shop-boy of whom he inquired, in a timid voice, if he could see one of the partners, scarcely deigned to look up from his ledger at first, as he murmured, in the surly accent of the underling, 'Name, please?' But the moment the answer came, 'Mr Arnold Willoughby,' the boy left off writing, awe-struck, and scrambling down from his high perch, opened the low wooden door with a deferential, 'This way, sir. I'll ask if the head of the firm is engaged.—Mr Jones, can Mr Stanley see Mr Arnold Willoughby?'

That name was like magic. Mr Jones led him on with attentive politeness. Arnold followed up-stairs, as in the good old days when he was an unchallenged Earl, attended and heralded by an ushering clerk in a most respectful attitude. Even the American millionaire himself, whom the functionaries at once recognised, scarcely met with so much honour in that mart of books as the reputed author of the book of the season. For Willoughby spelt money for the firm just that moment. And the worst of it all was, as Arnold reflected to himself with shame and regret, all this deference was being paid him no more on his own personal merits than ever, but simply and solely because the publishing world persisted in believing he had written the story, which as a matter of fact he had only deciphered, transcribed, and Englished.

In the counting-house, Mr Stanley met him with outstretched arms, metaphorically speaking. He rubbed his hands with delight. He was all bland expectancy. The new and rising

* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

author had come round, no doubt, to thank him in person for the cheque the firm had sent him by the last post of yesterday. 'Charmed to see you, I'm sure, Mr Willoughby,' the senior partner exclaimed, motioning him with one hand to the chair of honour; 'and you too, Mr Mortimer. Lovely weather, isn't it?—Well, the reception your book has had both from press and public is flattering; most flattering. We are selling it fast still; in fact, this very day I've given orders to pull off another thousand of the library edition. I'm sure it must be most gratifying to you. It's seldom a first book comes in for such an ovation.'

Arnold hardly knew what to answer; this cordiality flurried him; but after a short preamble, he drew forth the cheque and explained in very few words that he couldn't accept it.

Mr Stanley stared at him, and rang his little bell. 'Ask Mr Lockhart to step this way,' he said, with a puzzled look. 'This is a matter to be considered by all four of us in council.'

Mr Lockhart stepped that way with cheerful alacrity; and to him, too, Arnold explained in the briefest detail why he had refused the cheque. The two partners glanced at one another. They hummed and hawed nervously. Then Mr Lockhart said in slow tones: 'Well, this is a disappointment to us, I confess, Mr Willoughby. To tell you the truth, though we desired to divide the profits more justly than they were being divided by our original agreement, as is our habit in such cases, still, I won't deny we had also looked forward to the pleasure of publishing other books from your pen on subsequent occasions.' (Mr Lockhart was a pompous and correct old gentleman, who knew how to talk in private life the set language of the business letter.) 'We hoped, in point of fact, you would have promised us a second book for the coming season.'

Arnold's face flushed fiery red. This persistent disbelief made him positively angry. In a few forcible words, he explained once more to the astonished publisher that he had not written 'An Elizabethan Seadog'; and that he doubted his ability to write anything like it. In any case, he must beg them to take back their cheque, and not to expect work of any sort from him in future.

The partners stared at him in blank astonishment. They glanced at one another curiously. Then Mr Lockhart rose, nodded, and left the room. Mr Stanley, left alone, engaged them in conversation as best he could for a minute or two. At the end of that time a message came to the senior partner: 'Mr Lockhart says, sir, could you speak to him for one moment?'

'Certainly,' Mr Stanley answered.—'Will you excuse me a minute, if you please, Mr Willoughby? There's the last review of your book; perhaps you'd like to glance at it.' And with another queer look he disappeared mysteriously.

'Well,' he said to his partner, as soon as they were alone in Mr Lockhart's sanctum, 'what on earth does this mean? Do you suppose somebody else has offered him higher terms than he thinks he'll get from us? Jones

& Burton may have bribed him. He's a thundering liar, any way, and one doesn't know what the dickens to believe about him.'

'No,' Mr Lockhart replied confidently; 'that's not it, I'm sure, Stanley. If he were a rogue, he'd have pocketed our cheque without a word, and taken his next book all the same to the other people. It isn't that, I'm certain, as sure as my name's Lockhart. Don't you see what it is? The fellow's mad; he really thinks now he didn't write the "Seadog." Success has turned his head. It's an awful pity. He began with the story as an innocent deception; he went on with it afterwards as an excellent advertisement; now he's gone off his head with unexpected triumph, and really believes he didn't write it, but discovered it. However, it's all the same to us. I tell you what we must do: ask him if ever he discovers any more interesting manuscripts, to give us the first refusal of his translation or decipherment.'

But when they returned a few minutes later with this notable proposition, Arnold could only burst out laughing. 'No, no,' he said, really amused at last. 'I see what you think. Mr Mortimer will tell you I'm as sane as you are. You fancy I'm mad; but you're quite mistaken. However, I can honestly promise you what you ask—that if I have ever again any publishing business to transact, I will bring my work first to you for refusal.'

So the interview ended. Comic as it was from one point of view, it yet saddened Arnold somewhat. He couldn't help being struck by this persistent fate which made him all through life be praised or admired, not for what he really was or really had done, but for some purely adventitious or even unreal circumstance. He went away and resumed once more his vain search for work. But as day after day went by, and he found nobody ready to employ a practically one-armed man, with no recommendation save that of having served his time as a common sailor, his heart sank within him. The weather grew colder too, and his weak lung began to feel the chilly fogs of London. Worst of all, he was keeping Kathleen also in England; for she wouldn't go south and leave him, though her work demanded that she should winter as usual in Venice, where she could paint the range of subjects for which alone, after the hateful fashion of the present day, she could find a ready market. All this made Arnold not a little anxious, the more so as his fifty pounds, no matter how well husbanded, were beginning to run out and leave his exchequer empty.

In this strait, it was once more Rufus Mortimer, their unfailing friend, who came to Arnold's and Kathleen's assistance. He went round to Arnold's rooms one afternoon full of serious warning. 'Look here, my dear Willoughby,' he said; 'there is such a thing as carrying conscientious scruples to an impracticable excess. I don't pretend to act up to my principles myself; if I did, I should be compelled to sell all I have, like you, and give it to the poor, or their modern equivalent, whatever that may be, in the dominant political economy of the moment. But somehow, I don't

feel inclined to go such lengths for my principles. I lock them up in a cabinet as interesting curiosities. Still, you, you know, rush into the opposite extreme. The past is past, and can't of course be undone; though I don't exactly see that you were bound in the first instance quite so utterly to disinherit yourself—to cut yourself off with the proverbial shilling. But as things now stand, I think it's not right of you, merely for the sake of pampering your individual conscience—which, after all, may be just as much mistaken as anybody else's conscience—to let Miss Hesslegrave live in such perpetual anxiety on your behalf. For her sake, I feel sure, you ought to make up your mind to sacrifice to some extent your personal scruples, and at least have a try at writing something or other of your own for Stanley & Lockhart. You could publish it simply under your present name as Arnold Willoughby, without reference in any way to the "Elizabethan Seadog;" and if, in spite of all your repeated disclaimers, people still persist in describing you as the author of the book you only translated, why, that's their fault, not yours, and I don't see why you need trouble yourself one penny about it.

'I've thought of that, these last few days,' Arnold answered, yielding slightly; 'and I've even begun to plan out a skeleton plot for a projected story; but then, it's, oh, so different from "An Elizabethan Seadog;" a drama of the soul; a very serious performance. I couldn't really imagine anything myself in the least like Master John Collingham's narrative. I've no taste for romance. What I think I might do is a story of the sad lives of the seafaring folk I have lived and worked among—a realistic tale of hard toil and incessant privation and heroic suffering. But all that's so different from the Elizabethan buccaneer, that I don't suppose any publisher would care to touch it.'

'Don't you believe it,' Mortimer answered with decision. 'They'd jump at it like grizzlies. Your name would be enough now to make any book go. I don't say more than one; if your next should be a failure, you'll come down like a stick, as you went up like a rocket. I've seen more than one of these straw fires flare to heaven in my time, both in literature and art; and I know how they burn out after the first flare-up—a mere flash in the pan, a red blaze of the moment. But at any rate, you could try: if you succeeded, well and good; if not, you'd at least be not a penny worse off than you are at present.'

'Well, I've worked up my subject a bit in my own head,' Arnold answered more cheerfully, 'and I almost think I see my way to something that might possibly stand a chance of taking the public; but there's the difficulty of writing it. What can I do with this maimed hand? It won't hold a pen. And though I've tried with my left, I find it such slow work as far as I've yet got on with it.'

'Why not have a type-writer?' Mortimer exclaimed with the quick practical sense of his countrymen. 'You could work it with one hand—not quite so quick as with two, of course, but still, pretty easily.'

'I thought of that too,' Arnold answered, looking down. 'But—they cost twenty pounds. And I haven't twenty pounds in the world to bless myself with.'

'If you'd let me make you a present of one'—Mortimer began; but Arnold checked him with a hasty wave of that imperious hand.

'Not for her sake?' the American murmured in a very low voice.

And Arnold answered gently: 'No, dear Mortimer, you kind, good friend—not even for her sake. There are still a few prejudices I retain even now from the days when I was a gentleman—and that is one of them.'

Mortimer rose from his seat. 'Well, leave it to me,' he said briskly. 'I think I see a way out of it.' And he left the room in haste, much to Arnold's mute wonder.

A few hours later he returned, bringing with him in triumph a mysterious paper of most legal dimensions. It was folded in three, and engrossed outside with big black letters, which seemed to imply that 'This Indenture' witnessed something really important. 'Now, all I want,' he said in a most business-like voice, laying the document before Arnold, 'is just your signature.'

'My signature!' Arnold answered, with a glance at the red wafers that adorned the instrument. 'Why, that's just the very thing I'm most particular about giving.'

'Oh, but this is quite simple, I assure you,' Mortimer replied with a persuasive smile. 'This is just a small agreement with Stanley & Lockhart. They covenant to pay you one hundred pounds down—look here, I've got the cheque in my pocket already—the merest formality—by way of advance on the royalties of a book you engage to write for them; a work of fiction, of whatever sort you choose, length, size, and style to be left to your discretion. And they're to publish it when complete, in the form that may seem to them most suitable for the purpose, giving you fifteen per cent. on the net price of all copies sold in perpetuity. And if I were you, Willoughby, I'd accept it offhand. And I'll tell you what I'd do: I'd start off at once post-haste to Venice, where you'd be near Miss Hesslegrave, and where she and you could talk the book over together while in progress.' He dropped his voice a little. 'Seriously, my dear fellow,' he said, 'you both of you look ill, and the sooner you can get away from this squalid village, I think, the better.'

Arnold read over the agreement with a critical eye. 'I see,' he said, 'they expressly state that they do not hold me to have written "An Elizabethan Seadog," but merely to have discovered, deciphered, and edited it.'

'Yes,' Mortimer replied with a cheerful smile. 'I'm rather proud of that clause. I foresaw that that interminably obtrusive old conscience of yours would step in with one of its puritanical objections, if I didn't distinctly stipulate for that exact proviso; so I made them put it in; and now I'm sure I don't know what you can possibly stick at; for it merely provides that they will pay you fifteen per cent. on any precious book you may care to write; and they're so perfectly sure of seeing their money

again, that they'll give you a hundred pounds down on the nail for the mere promise to write it.'

'But suppose I were to die meanwhile,' Arnold objected, still staring at it, 'what insurance could they give themselves?'

Rufus Mortimer seized his friend by the waist perforce; pushed him bodily into a chair; placed a pen in his left hand, and laid the document before him. 'Upon my soul,' he said, half humorously, half angrily, 'that irrepressible conscience of yours is enough to drive any sane man out of his wits. There! Not another word. Take the pen and sign.—Thank Heaven, that's done. I didn't ever think I could get you to do it. Now, before you've time to change what you're pleased to call your mind, I shall rush off in a cab and carry this straight to Stanley & Lockhart. Sign the receipt for the hundred pounds at once.—That's right! One must treat you like a child, I see, or there's no doing anything with you. Now, I'm off. Don't you move from your chair till I come back again. Can't you see, you donkey, that if they want to be insured against the chance of your death, that's their affair, not yours? and that they have insured themselves already a dozen times over with the "Elizabethan Seadog"?''

'Stop, stop a moment,' Arnold cried, some new scruple suggesting itself; but Mortimer rushed headlong down the stairs without heeding him. He had a hansom in waiting below. 'To Stanley & Lockhart's,' he cried eagerly, 'near Hyde Park Corner.' And Arnold was left alone to reflect with himself upon the consequences of his now fairly irrevocable action.

In half an hour, once more Mortimer was back, quite radiant. 'Now, that's a bargain,' he said cheerily. 'We've sent it off to be duly stamped at Somerset House; and then you can't go back upon it without gross breach of contract. You're booked for it now, thank Heaven. Whether you can or you can't, you've got to write a novel. You're under agreement to supply one, good, bad, or indifferent. Next, you must come out with me and choose a type-writer. We'll see for ourselves which is the best adapted to a man with one hand. And after that, we'll go straight and call on Miss Hesslegrave; for I shan't be satisfied now till I've packed you both off by quick train to Venice.'

'I wonder,' Arnold said, 'if ever fiction before was so forcibly extorted by brute violence from any man?'

'I don't know,' Mortimer answered. 'And I'm sure I don't care. But I do know this—if you try to get out of it now on the plea of compulsion, why, to prove you clearly wrong, and show you're in every way a free agent, I'm hanged if I don't brain you.'

As they went away from the shop where they had finally selected the most suitable type-writer, Arnold turned towards Cornhill. 'Well, what are you up to now?' Mortimer inquired suspiciously.

'I was thinking,' Arnold said with some little hesitation, 'whether I oughtn't in justice to Stanley & Lockhart to insure my life for a hundred pounds, in case I should die, don't you know, before I finished my novel.'

Next instant, several people in Cheapside were immensely surprised by the singular spectacle of a mild-faced gentleman in frock coat and chimney-pot hat shaking his companion vigorously, as a terrier shakes a rat. 'Now, look here, you know, Willoughby,' the mild-faced gentleman remarked in a low but very decided voice; 'I've got the whip-hand of you, and I'm compelled to use it. You listen to what I say. If you spend one penny of that hundred pounds—which I regard as to all practical intents and purposes Miss Hesslegrave's, in any other way except to go to Venice and write this novel, which must be a really first-rate one—I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll publicly reveal the disgraceful fact that you're a British peer, and all the other equally disgraceful facts of your early life, your origin, and ancestry.'

The practical consequence of which awful threat was that by the next day but one Kathleen and Arnold were on their way south together, bound for their respective lodgings as of old in Venice.

THE INDIAN-RIVER COUNTRY, FLORIDA.

TEN years ago, when the boom in Florida was at its height, the Indian River was almost unknown, except to some enthusiastic sportsmen and tourists who left the beaten routes of travel in search of novel scenes and experiences; and the few settlers along its banks were contented, cultivating their orange groves with the hope that in the future, when a railway tapped this section, the Indian-River oranges would become famous. The foresight of the old settlers has been amply justified, as Indian-River oranges now command the highest market price of any grown in Florida. Oranges, however, do not constitute the only product of this section, as the pine-apple industry, although not a dozen years old, has now a more valuable crop than even the orange; and there seems little doubt that this industry will continue as a profitable investment for a good number of years to come. Among others from different States in the Union, quite a number of young Englishmen are now successfully engaged in this lucrative business, and each year sees their numbers increase.

Taking a look at the map of Florida, you will notice that the east coast is lined by a series of inland water-ways or lagoons, improperly termed rivers, which at present are being connected by means of dredges, operated by the East Coast Canal and Transportation Company, so as to give water-communication the whole length of the coast. Nor is this all. 'The East Coast Line' of railway in April last ran their first through train from Jacksonville to Lake North, a distance of some two hundred and fifty miles, in almost a straight line, following the west bank of Indian River and Lake North.

Mr Flagler made St Augustine what it is—a city of the finest hotels in America; the famous 'Ponce de Leon' and 'Cordova' hotels being known by every tourist in the land. For some years his railway stopped there. Last

year he extended it to Rockledge, on Indian River; and becoming interested in Lake North, he built one of the finest hotels in the country at Palm Beach this year, opened it, and at the same time made that the terminus of his road. Although the terminus of railway travel, next year tourists will get along comfortably far south of that, as there are two powerful dredges working day and night cutting a canal between Lake North and Biscayne Bay; and it is confidently expected to be open for steamer traffic ere next year.

It is not to be supposed that Mr Flagler is spending millions in railways and hotels for tourist travel only, as this source of revenue lasts but three months of each year. The natural resources of the east coast determined him to open it up and develop the country; and a short article on this section of Florida may prove interesting to some of our readers.

Indian River is a sheet of water about one hundred and fifty miles in length, varying from one to seven miles in width, and separated from the Atlantic Ocean by a narrow strip of land with an average width of half a mile. As the Gulf Stream flows northwards quite close to the Florida coast, the shores of the river have a more equable and milder climate than the interior of the State; and owing to its near proximity to the ocean, with its south-east summer breezes, it is cooler in summer than anywhere in the Northern States, while malarial complaints are almost unknown. The river teems with fish; and a large trade is done shipping mullet and the toothsome pompano to Northern markets. There are two ice factories on the river; and a canning factory is being built to dispose of pine-apples and other fruits that, from over-ripeness or blemishes, would not stand shipment. Truck-farming is engaging the attention of many; and owing to comparative immunity from frost, this must always be a favoured section in this particular. Merritt's Island, situated opposite Cape Canaveral, is famed throughout the State for its early beans, tomatoes, egg-plants, and pine-apples. In the centre of the island, sugar-cane grows luxuriantly in the rich hummocks; while on the prairies, dotted over with clumps of palmetto trees and small cedar hummocks giving splendid shade, cattle keep in good condition all the year round; and though there is not a sheep on the island, a farmer with colonial experience could do well sheep-raising for mutton alone, as the grazing is excellent.

Titusville, the county seat of Brevard, at the north end of the river, has a population of about sixteen hundred, its streets 'shelled' lit by electricity, with good stores in brick buildings, a bank, half-a-dozen churches, and a jail—is a go-ahead, lively little town, doing a business with all parts of the river and back-country; and while the East Coast Line passes right through, it is the terminus of the Jacksonville, Tampa, & Key West Railway, here connecting with the Indian-River Steamboat Company, which acts as a feeder, and carries freight to and from all parts of the river.

Taking the steamer *St Lucie*, we leave the wharf with a somewhat vague feeling as to what is before us. The steamer is built of iron,

about one hundred and sixty feet long by twenty-five feet beam, with a stern wheel. She was built specially for the river, which is shoal in many places, and draws only about three feet of water. Comfortably fitted up with good staterooms, and well officered, a few days spent on board an Indian-River steamer leaves pleasant recollections to all who have ever done so. True, we make only about eight miles an hour. If we want to go on business in a hurry, we can take the railway; but for comfort and freedom from dust, a good passenger steamer is not to be compared with railway travel, however luxurious—going quietly along, watching the pompano and caralles leap with an easy grace in the air, then fall sideways into the clear cool water again. We are amazed at the breadth of the river—seven miles. It almost looks, from the low shore on the east side, as if we were going out to sea. The west side for ten miles is lined with lovely building sites; but it is an old Spanish grant, and no title could be got to the land till recently.

Passing the Bay, the river narrows at Pine Island to about three miles; and the growth on either side changes to hummock—a mixture of oak, other hardwoods, and palmetto trees, from among which we catch glimpses of houses with an occasional gleam of light; and an orange grove, but partly seen, on account of the margin of virgin hummock left standing to act as a wind-break.

Making a stop at City Point for a few minutes, we notice a good-sized store, more houses than we anticipated; and we learn that there are some forty thousand boxes of oranges shipped from this neighbourhood alone.

A couple of miles farther down, on the Merritt's Island side of the river, we call at Indianola, one of the most attractive and go-ahead little settlements on the island—oranges, pine-apples, mangoes, and truck being grown by the settlers, who have a public hall, and evidently enjoy a fair measure of prosperity. Getting some passengers and baggage ashore takes a minute or two only, and we are again off. A mile or so farther on we come to famous Rockledge. Landing, we make our way to the hotel. It is now dark; but the scene is one never to be forgotten. A crowd of hotel guests, porters, and boatmen are on the wharf, scanning the passengers for known faces; and while there is none of that bustle and din about the place associated with hotel landings generally, your baggage is promptly looked after; and turning away from the blinding glare cast on the wharf by the steamer's head-light, our eyes rest with pleasure on the big hotel, only a couple of hundred feet away, every window lit up, and electric lights shining among the palmettos in front so softly, that no picture of the imagination can conjure up anything so perfectly in harmony with the feeling of rest after travel, except it be that which the traveller feels on coming to his own home; and the orchestra on the veranda softly playing some old familiar air helps out the comparison.

The 'Hotel Indian River' is a plainly-built house of three hundred rooms in keeping with surroundings; and after engaging our room, we sit on the veranda and look out on the scene

in quiet enjoyment. Under tall palmettos and huge oaks, or on the pavilion over the bank of the river, guests are quietly chatting; and the bits of colour in the dress of the ladies add the one touch of life required to make the picture complete.

Rising early next morning, we take a stroll along the footpath that follows the shore, and at once divine the reason why the place got its name, as there is no beach, but instead, a rocky shore-line extending north and south for several miles. Walking north, we passed numbers of unpretentious villas among the orange groves, till we came to a bright sandy point of land running some distance out in the river, almost a counterpart of the 'Silver Strand' on Loch Katrine. Retracing our steps, we pass another handsome hotel, 'The Alcazar,' even larger than ours; and the railway station of the East Coast Line lies right between the two. Were it not for the track, however, one would never guess the neat-looking, bright, lemon-painted station was anything more than an office connected with one of the hotels. In the season, January, February, and March, Rockledge has a population of about two thousand; and during the balance of the year about two hundred. About the same number of boxes of oranges is shipped from this place as at City Point.

After breakfast, we board the steamer *St Augustine*, a day boat without staterooms, calling at all the landings on Merritt's Island, among them Georgiana, Lotus, and Tropic. Passing Eau Gallie, we come to Melbourne, so named by the first settler, an Englishman, who had lived years in Australia. This is a nice little settlement, with several stores, a couple of small hotels, and some pretty villas owned by Northern people of means, who spend their winters here, on the opposite side, at East Melbourne. On the beach-strip there are some large pine-apple patches. There is nothing particularly inviting about this beach-strip in its natural state, as it is covered with only saw-palmetto; but it certainly does grow pine-apples to perfection. One settler the other day sold his place for ten thousand dollars. He bought it six years ago for fifty dollars an acre. At the end of three years he had spent nine hundred dollars on it, and taken thirteen hundred and fifty dollars out of it, besides getting the crops of the past two years. Whether he retained this year's crop or sold it with the place, I did not learn. Of course, he did all the work himself.

Staying at 'Hector's Hotel' at Melbourne till evening, we got on board the through-steamer for Jupiter—this time, *St Sebastian*. Waking at daylight, we were just in time, passing St Lucie Inlet, to get a glimpse of the ocean. Calling at Fort Pierce, a small fishing village, for wood, we proceeded on our way, the shores gradually becoming higher again, and covered with a luxuriant tropical growth till we came to Eden, famous for its pine-apples. The rolling hills, or rather knolls, are cleared of every tree and stump, and in the distance the patches look something like corn-fields. All the settlers round Eden and Jensen are comfortably 'fixed,' as they say here; and at the latter place—which

was started by a Dane of that name—there is a very comfortable hotel of about fifty rooms, as well as a canning factory.

Rounding Sewell's Point, the finest building site on the river, we turn up the St Lucie, which joins Indian River at this point. This is a genuine freshwater river, coming from the Everglades. At first, it is narrow and deep; but gradually it opens into an egg-shaped basin, with high banks on the east side. This river is the home of the manatee, an almost extinct mammal; and the State legislature have just passed a Bill prohibiting its destruction.

Landing some freight at Potsdam, we put about, and get back to Indian River, where, after crossing St Lucie Inlet, we enter Jupiter Narrows, a tortuous passage among high mangroves of eight miles. On a bright day the scene is pleasant, although one can never see more than three or four hundred feet ahead; but on a dull day the Narrows have a weird, melancholy look, which only a desolate uninhabitable place can give. Suddenly emerging from the Narrows, we enter Hobe Sound, about a quarter of a mile wide, with high banks and rolling spruce pine-woods. Here quite a number of pine-apple growers are settled and doing well. At this point the principal growers are English. Nearing Jupiter, we see the light-house and signal-station; and getting out of Hobe Sound, cross the Loxohatchee River, and tie up at Jupiter wharf—this being the end of navigation on Indian River.

There is an inlet here also, and a fine view of the ocean can be had. An old steamer lies alongside the shore, and is converted into an hotel, where fish of all varieties is made a specialty, and quite a business is done during the winter and spring catering for tourists by steamers, sail-boats, and launches. At Jupiter there is a railway some eight miles in length, connecting Indian River and Lake Worth, called the 'Celestial Line' from the names of the stations on the route. Till Flagler's Road was built, it was the farthest south in the United States.

Taking the train in the afternoon, we rapidly pass Venus and Mars—about two houses at each place—and arrive at Juno, on Lake Worth, where a small steamer awaits our arrival, and carries us down the lake to Palm Beach. Lake Worth has an inlet from the ocean of its own; and at present, boats coming here go outside at Jupiter or St Lucie, run down the coast, and come in at Lake North Inlet. But in a month or two this somewhat hazardous experiment will be avoided, as the canal between Indian River and the lake will be completed. Lake Worth, rather more tropical than Indian River, is about twenty-five miles long and half a mile wide. A number of Chicago millionaires during the past few years built fine winter residences here, and spent enormous sums in beautifying their places; then Mr Flagler came along and built the 'Royal Poinciana Hotel' with six hundred rooms. This, coupled with the railway coming in, has made the lake a sort of millionaire winter home. A stage-line connects Lantana at the south end of the lake with Biscayne Bay, the most southern inhabited part of the mainland of Florida.

Returning from Palm Beach, we cross over the ferry on the lake in the morning, take our seats in the train via the East Coast Line, arriving in the afternoon at Titusville, after enjoying a novel tour through entirely new scenery over a route just opened, but with all the conveniences of an old settled country. Nine years ago, there were no steamboats here, and it is only eight years since the Jacksonville, Tampa, and Key West Railway tapped the head of Indian River, on which there has been no fictitious boom, but a steady growth; so, who shall say what possibilities lie in the future for this favoured section? The people are peaceful, law-abiding, and cosmopolitan to a degree, gathered together as they are from every quarter of the globe, building up what eventually will be the garden-spots of America.

Of millionaires and non-residents we have a full hand, but want more men with small capital, workers, who can live here comfortably the year round, and make a living with more ease than anywhere known to the writer. There is a good living to be made raising pine-apples on Indian River. The crop this year will be from fifty to sixty thousand barrel-crates, which net about three hundred dollars per crate, or, say, three hundred dollars per acre. Plants bear the second year after setting-out; and a carefully tended patch will pay for itself, ordinary land included, in two years. Failures will take place in this as in every other industry; but they have been so far rare, and good reasons could be given for each one of them; and any young fellow with a few hundred pounds wishing a pleasant occupation abroad, could not do better than cast in his lot with the pine-apple growers of Indian River.

BURGLAR JIM.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

MR BERTROD LEXTON was steadily migrating eastward. From Chelsea he had gone to Hampstead, from Hampstead to Hackney, from Hackney to Hoxton, and now he was not far from the purlieus of Whitechapel. At every successive migration, his heart, and what was infinitely more to him, his wife's heart, had been wounded more deeply by the iron heel of Misery.

Till he was twenty, Bertrod had lived near Stockport, in Cheshire. His father was one of the cotton lords of that dingy, dirty town, and had risen from Councillor to Alderman, from Alderman to Magistrate, from Magistrate to Mayor. His cotton mill was the largest in that town of cotton mills, his wealth surpassed that of his brother-spinners. 'An obstinate man,' his friends and fellow-citizens called him; but his enemies used a harsher word. Once, the mill-workers went out on strike, and he had been the leader of the masters, the bitterest and most unyielding of all. The work-people triumphed in the end, because the other masters were not so firm as he. He was reported to have said that his work-people should 'eat dirt' before he would have yielded, if he had been fighting for himself.

His words were passed from lip to lip, and the hunger-bitten operatives for a time hissed him in the streets. But having won, they were magnanimous; and as he—seeing he had gone too far—judiciously spent a few hundreds in charities that brought him prominently before the workers, the matter dropped. When next he stood for the Town-Council, his opponents sought to make capital out of his words; but the attempt failed, and he was elected by a large majority.

He had three children—Bertrod and two girls. On Bertrod his ambition was centred, and he told him, when but a boy of fifteen, that it would be his own fault if he did not wear a coronet, and then sent him to Eton and Oxford.

It was during the summer vacation that the festivities on his coming of age took place. He developed a great liking for the mill that summer, and it was whispered that he was fond of visiting the porter's lodge, where a pretty girl, Rhoda Brighton, worked at roller-covering. Rhoda was only a factory girl, but a superior factory girl. Of middle height, shapely and graceful, with a face that would have challenged admiration at a Drawing-room, was what she was to the outward eye. Bertrod soon found that she was refined as well. She had had but a National School education; but she had made good use of her opportunities. The best commentary on her was that of the ruder and vulgar factory girls, who stigmatised her 'stuck up;' the worst possible sin in their eyes.

Her father had been a mechanic, who by intelligence had risen to be foreman of an engineering firm. He had saved a few hundreds, and invested them in a Building Society. The Society was defrauded, and became bankrupt, and his heart broke with it. The week after the first and final dividend of sixpence, he was dead. His wife had nothing; and Rhoda, who was looking forward to a High-school education, at fifteen was sent to earn her bread. By great good fortune, she got engaged as roller-coverer, one of the most genteel of cotton factory employments.

Bertrod was often in the lodge on various pretexts, but in reality to talk to pretty Rhoda. His father was not a Puritan, and Bertrod had some transient dreams at first of making Rhoda a shame. But a few days' conversation with her made him hate himself for his half-conceived thought; and gradually there grew in his heart a hope that she might be his jewel, not his plaything. He gave no heed to the fact that he was a master's son and rich, and she only a factory girl, and that the world would look upon such a union as debasing to him. He knew his grandfather had been but an operative himself, and his immature intellect could not perceive any difference in rank. True, Rhoda was not so educated as he would wish his wife to be, but that could soon be remedied.

If he looked forward with delight to his daily visit to the mill, Rhoda's heart had also begun to beat and her cheek to flush when she heard him coming. One morning he went down to the mill and said straightforwardly: 'Rhoda, I love you.'

Rhoda blanched to the lips. 'Oh, Mr Bertrod, shame!'

'Shame, Rhoda?'

'Yes; shame to make sport of me so.'

'Rhoda,' he cried in a tone there was no mistaking, 'by my life and honour, I swear that you mistake me. I love you—love you with my whole heart. If you will be my wife, I shall be happy; if not—cursed. You will not curse me, Rhoda?'

She flushed, then paled again. 'Oh, Mr Bertrod, it cannot be. How can I, a poor?'

'Rhoda, do you love me? Tell me the truth.'

'Oh, please, do not ask me. It cannot.'—

'I don't want to know what can or cannot be,' he said angrily. 'I want to know if you love me. Speak out honestly, in Heaven's name.'

Rhoda was in dire straits. Visions of delight flashed across her brain, mingled with visions the reverse of joy.

'Rhoda, as you are a true girl, answer me Yes or No.'

'Yes, I do,' she said, summoning up courage to articulate the words and to look him fully in the face. 'But it cannot be; it is impossible.'—

He clasped her in his arms and kissed her trembling lips. 'There are no impossibilities in love, my darling, as you see. You love me, and you are mine, possible or impossible.'

Rhoda's eyes were alight with love-fires, but there was doubt in them too. 'How can I, a poor factory girl? What will your father, what will the world, say?'

'Let them say what they will. What can they say when you are honouring me above all men, giving me what I most crave for?' He kissed her again.

The manager was coming straight to the lodge, so he whispered: 'Meet me in Didsbury Fields this evening at nine. Promise.'

When the manager came in, he found his young master arguing with Rhoda as to the best way of covering a roller, and was appealed to by Bertrod. He pronounced against Bertrod, who appeared to be much chagrined thereat.

Didsbury Fields were a little bit of Paradise that evening. Bertrod spoke frankly and to the point. He wanted Rhoda educated, because that was all that was necessary to make her an ideal wife. 'You have the instinct of refinement and culture now, my darling; all you want is the polish. If you love me, darling, you will consent to what I now propose. No one must know of our engagement yet. You must give notice at the mill to-morrow evening. Then I shall find a place where you may get all the knowledge and accomplishments of a lady. I think I know a lady in Windsor who would be glad to take charge of you—a lady who is a lady. Your mother can live in Windsor, if you wish it. By the time you are ready, I shall be in a position to marry you. I shall then announce our engagement; and if all the world says "No," I shall marry you just the same. Have you any objection, darling? Speak frankly, as you love and trust me.'

Rhoda had many objections to make, many

fears to express, many doubts to explain. But her lover brushed them aside lightly, and they gave themselves up to the happiness that lovers only know.

'Tell your mother,' he said as they parted, 'I shall call and see her to-morrow morning.'

Mrs Brighton likewise had many misgivings, but they vanished before the genuine frankness of the handsome young fellow. 'Rhoda is my all—my pride,' she said. 'God bless you as you do by her.' He answered that no words of his should have any weight—only his actions. She consented to his plans; and a fortnight later, mother and daughter left for Windsor.

The meetings of the master's son and Rhoda had not been unnoticed by the neighbours; and the departure of the Brightons gave food to much malicious gossip. 'A proud, saucy baggage,' was the verdict: 'them stuck-up uns as looks down on the like of us are sure to come to that. A good honest woman as works for her livin' is worth a hundred o' their soot.' Happily, Rhoda and her mother were not there to blush.

Two years have passed, years big with happiness to the lovers. Bertrod has just left college to get a little insight in the working of the mill. Old Leyton is about to give up the mill, and has proposed that Bertrod should try it for six months. If, then, he should choose to follow the business, he may; if not, it will be sold to a company, and Bertrod can play the gentleman.

But a week after his home-coming, the bomb-shell explodes in the Leyton breakfast-room, and blows father and son apart for ever.

'Never! never!' shouts the father. 'Give her up at once, or I've done with you for ever.'

'No, sir; as an honourable man, I cannot—will not.'

His sisters, from whom he has expected sympathy, murmur, 'A factory girl,' and show unmistakably that they are on their father's side.

'Hark you, my ungrateful son,' said the father after a pause. 'You know me. I give you a night to sleep on it. If you do not obey me, you leave here in the afternoon, and never a penny of mine or a word of mine shall you have again.'

Bertrod had inherited something of his father's stubbornness, and there was love also to keep him unyielding. At breakfast next morning he said to his father: 'Are you still determined to disinherit me because I choose to marry a girl who once honoured your mill with her presence?'

'Are you going to give her up?'

'Certainly not, father. I should not be your son if I yielded in a matter of life and honour.'

'Then I give you till three this afternoon to clear out. And you only take your personal belongings, please; don't be a thief.'

'I shall take nothing that does not belong to me,' said Bertrod calmly, in spite of the taunt, 'you may rest assured. I shall not take all that does belong to me, for it seems your love and my sisters' will be wanting.'

Old Leyton kept out of the way till Bertrod had gone; and the tips of his sisters' fingers, grudgingly given, were his only farewell.

Rhoda and her mother were in terrible distress when they heard; but Bertrod, with cheerful optimism, chased the shadows away; and a fortnight later, he made Rhoda a wife. They had a quiet honeymoon at Bournemouth, which ended tragically and abruptly, for they were summoned back by telegram to close Mrs Brighton's eyes and receive her blessing. Under such cheerful auspices, their married life began in a Chelsea flat.

Bertrod, soon finding that an Oxford graduate was not a unique article in the market, got engaged as traveller for a firm of wholesale chemists at one hundred and fifty pounds a year. The worst of it was it took him a good deal from home. But they were all the happier at the week-end, when they were able to spend a few hours together in peace.

Bertrod took to literary work as he rushed about country in the train, and, to his unspeakable satisfaction, several articles and sketches were accepted by an evening paper. He was as delirious with joy as Rhoda herself. He was destined to be a famous author, the idol of the reading public! He got eight pounds for seven articles, and the money was put by to feast their eyes upon. They were not eight paltry gold coins, but riches; and when either of the twain was depressed, they would go to the precious box and toy with the coins, and under their potent influence care and depression took wings.

Bertrod was so elated and so proud of the sympathy and help of his wife that he worked early and late, and after a day's travelling, would often sit up the whole night working hard on the novel that was to bring him fame and fortune. He delighted in work, for it was for her sake, and he often quoted Carlyle and others who had written on the dignity of labour. Rhoda copied for him, and talked over the characters with him till he declared that the story was as much hers as his, and ought to be issued in their joint names. What was better, the literary atmosphere they had created had its effect on Rhoda, who wrote two or three short tales, full of a gentle, unobtrusive pathos, which were accepted and paid for.

At last the novel was finished, written out in Rhoda's clear-cut hand. What a labour of love it had been! How she had toiled till her eyes ached, destroying every sheet that was the least blotted, or on which she had made a mistake or correction, till it was copy clear enough to merit the encomium of the most fastidious compositor!

The story, amid many flutterings of heart, and many a little ripple of laughter at nothing in particular, was daintily packed, and, without any due sense of fitness, was sent to one of the great London publishers. They pretended not to be castle-building; but all the same they counted on what was to come in the next twelve months; not a shop did they see but Bertrod pointed out what he would buy her when—when they were 'better off.'

A fortnight of buoyant hope, and the manuscript came back with a very polite 'Declined.'

It was a shock, and Bertrod laughed a cheerless, little laugh. 'Of course it would not be accepted at first. If it had been, I should have given up in despair; genius, or even talent, has never succeeded at the first attempt. Mark my words, Rhoda—that same publishing house will in a few months be asking me for a story—anything from my pen. I'll be magnanimous, and forgive them.'

Time after time the manuscript came back. It was getting shabby and frayed at the edges. It had been everywhere, likely and unlikely, and the best they had received was: 'If this story were twice as long, we might consider it.'

Nothing but hope had kept Bertrod from sinking under the great strain he had undergone. Now he sank, and sank deeply. Ghastly paleness, great circles round the eyes, sleepless nights, irritable temper, had long warned him. At last he fell, and Rhoda's nights and days were spent in nursing him.

It was six months before he was out in the street again. Brain fever had left him a wreck of himself. The firm had been very kind; they had paid his salary for two months, and then reluctantly had filled his place. Bertrod had no pleasant prospect. Here he was, weak and helpless, but a few pounds in the house, his occupation gone, and with a wife who would soon give him another name.

Active labour was out of the question, and it was only by exhausting effort that he managed to write, with Rhoda's help, a few articles, that brought in about a guinea a week on an average. There was no help for it; so, with tears such as they had never dreamed they would shed, they began to march backwards. They took rooms in a northern district, and there managed to exist. Bertrod would have sunk down in despair if Rhoda had not played the part woman is ever called upon to play. He sought for work of all kinds, for the irregular literary work was too precarious a living. One week they might not receive five shillings, another week three pounds might come. As spring came, he managed to get a clerk's place at thirty shillings a week. 'I can do literary work in the evenings, dearie,' he said cheerfully. But she could give him no help; a fortnight after he got his clerkship, a baby girl came. For a moment it was a bright spot in the dark clouds. But fresh sorrow was added. The weeks and months of ceaseless care and watching had drained Rhoda's vital forces, and it was her turn to be helpless and suffering for weeks together. Then Bertrod became ill again, and only by a great effort could crawl to his work.

The story of that spring-tide is too pitiful to dwell upon. Now faster, now slower, they went east, which is to say, down hill. In an agony of despair, when Bertrod became ill again, Rhoda wrote to his father, telling him that his boy was in want—'through sickness alone,' she added proudly. Rhoda did not tell him that she was writing—if the father should aid his son in his strait, she wished it to appear spontaneous. The only answer was the letter returned, through Mr Leyton's solicitor, who was 'authorised to say that Mr Leyton declined to hold any communication with his

son or his wife.' She showed Bertrod the letter. He set his teeth firmly, but wept bitter tears as he went to the office.

At last they were in Hoxton, menaced by the Union. Bertrod was now a pawnbroker's assistant at twelve shillings a week. Their lodgings were such as they would have shrunk with horror from a year ago; now they were thankful they had such a home. Both were still weak, and subject to spells of illness. Their life could be summed up, when both were not ill, comparative happiness; one alone, tolerable; both, despair.

And yet they had managed to keep their souls and minds intact. It was western feeling in the heart of the east. Sometimes it worked for happiness; at others, it made life exquisite torture. The rough people among whom they lived recognised the difference, and christened them the Lady and Gentleman. At first, it was sarcastic and malicious; but by-and-by it became a good-natured appellation, and, by some, even of affection. If the husband did not fraternise with his neighbours at the 'Victoria Arms'—the chief house-of-call of the street—he was cheery, and spoke kindly to them, some of whom addressed him as 'Sir.' If Rhoda was a lady to them, they soon began to find that she was a lady after the order of the vicar's wife and the Sister of Mercy, and ever ready to help in sympathy if she could not in purse. 'A rare lady, but comed down; as weak as a babbie, and her man consumptive,' was the general description of her by her rough neighbours. Their fellow-lodgers were anything but refined; and it was like an open wound in Bertrod's heart to think that, instead of giving the girl who had worked in his father's mill a life immeasurably better, it was immeasurably worse. Drink, fighting, bad language—such was the atmosphere in which the gentle girl had to live. And what of their child, the darling girl who was to be such a jewel as never child was before or since? What would she be in the atmosphere of Darkman Street? Not that their fellow-lodgers had no respect for their feelings; but, of course, it was an impossibility that they could, even if they would, alter their mode of life and change their nature just because a superior couple happened to be lodging in the same house. They did tone down their picturesque language a little, when they thought of the pale-faced, gentle trio in the room above; but when softened, it was still torture to Rhoda.

THE GIGANTIC WHEEL.

THE 'Ferris Wheel,' which formed one of the leading attractions of the Chicago Exhibition, will shortly be eclipsed by the huge structure now being erected at the Earl's Court Exhibition in London; for, whereas the American wheel had a diameter of two hundred and fifty feet, that which is being carried to completion in this country has a diameter of three hundred feet—a dimension, it may be noted, not far short of the total height of the Forth Bridge, a comparison which will enable our

readers to realise at once the proportions of the Gigantic Wheel.

The Ferris Wheel, we may briefly remind our readers, was carried on a horizontal axis one hundred and thirty-five feet above ground-level, and took its name from Mr Ferris, the civil engineer who designed and built it. The wheel carried on its circumference thirty-six cars, each of which was twenty-four feet long by thirteen feet wide and ten feet deep, and accommodated thirty-eight persons; so that the total seating capacity was no less than thirteen hundred and sixty-eight persons, which, at fifty cents a head, gives an income of six hundred and eighty-four dollars, or one hundred and thirty-seven pounds, per trip. Each revolution occupied about twenty minutes; and as two rounds were permitted to each visitor, the above sum was earned in forty minutes with full cars; which is equivalent to an income of over two hundred pounds per hour, from which, of course, working expenses, &c., fall to be deducted. Under such circumstances, it is not surprising to learn that the Chicago Wheel earned seven hundred thousand dollars, or one hundred and sixty per cent. on its cost, in twenty weeks.

But to return to the engineering features of the construction of the Ferris Wheel. The total width is twenty-eight feet; and the rim-crowns are formed as hollow 'box' girders, bound together by diagonal bracing; whilst on the outside is bolted the huge circular cast-iron spur-rack by which the whole is driven. The wheel is strengthened by an inner circumference having a diameter of one hundred and eighty feet, and similar in design, though smaller in sections than the outer circumference already described; whilst one hundred and forty-four round-iron spokes connect the circumference with the main shaft, which is a steel forging forty-five feet long and thirty-two inches in diameter. The whole is turned by means of a large chain, a steam-engine supplying the motive-power.

Having now dealt in brief outline with the American gigantic wheel, we pass to some account of its British prototype, which is designed to seat sixteen hundred persons in forty cars, each of which will be twenty-five feet long by fifteen feet wide and ten feet high, and will be carried on two towers, each one hundred and seventy-five feet high. These towers, on whose summit the main axle will revolve, are fitted at the top with large saloons, surrounded by balconies, communication being given by means of elevators and stairs; whilst below, three tiers of floors will be devoted to restaurants, buffets, promenade concert-rooms, and other purposes of recreation.

A feature of the British wheel will be a hollow central axle no less than seven feet in diameter, permitting passage from one tower to another; such arrangement being in marked contrast to the American main axle, which was only thirty-two inches in diameter, and solid.

The London wheel will be driven by a steel wire hawser one and seven-eighth inches in

diameter. Two such hawsers will be provided, one on either side, passing round grooves on the wheel-sides; but it is the intention only to use one at a time; the other being ready in case of emergencies or repairs.

Electricity will furnish the motive-power, two fifty-horse-power dynamos being provided; but here, again, provision has been made for casualties, as one dynamo will be sufficient to drive the wheel, the other being in reserve. In this connection, it may be mentioned that the towers and saloons will be furnished throughout with the electric light, and that several interesting novelties will be introduced, such as the illumination by electricity of the huge wheel. The towers are carried on concrete blocks under each leg, the dimensions being fifteen feet square at the top by eighteen feet by nineteen feet at the bottom, the depth of each block being fifteen feet. Eight steel bolts, two and a quarter inches diameter and twelve feet in length, secure the tower-legs to each block of concrete on which they rest.

Into the minutiae of the construction of the towers carrying the main axle of the wheel we do not propose to enter; suffice it to point out that steel plates and angles are liberally used throughout, and that the stiff form of construction known as 'box' girders has been adopted with much diagonal and cross bracing, to ensure absolute rigidity and reliability at every point.

The wheel itself is built with two circumferences, of similar type, but differing in strength, the outer rim being considerably the heaviest. A distance of about forty feet separates the two circumferences, the cars being suspended from the outer one. The circumferences are well braced together by cross diagonal tie-rods three and a quarter inches in diameter; whilst the spokes are of steel rods having a diameter of two and a half inches. Owing to the great length of the rods, they are stiffened about the centre by 'channel' bracing, to prevent undue 'sag' when in the horizontal position. Both circumferences, it should be noted, are made in straight lengths, to facilitate construction, the formation of a straight girder being considerably easier and cheaper than that of one built to a true curve, however slight. Coupling screws are liberally supplied on all rods, enabling any slack or tendency to droop to be at once taken up.

Eight stages will be provided near the ground-level, from which the cars can be entered or left, so that the wheel will stop five times during each revolution, which will occupy about twenty minutes.

The total weight of steel in the undertaking will be about fifteen hundred tons; and it is of interest to learn that not only is Scotch steel being employed, but that a Scotch contractor is executing the girder and structural work of the gigantic wheel.

The views to be obtained from the huge structure on clear days will be unrivalled; and though no special utility can be claimed for this latest engineering wonder, yet as a means of amusement and recreation in these days of high pressure and keen competition, it is something to find new fields of enjoyment opened up and fresh modes invented of shaking off the cares

of work, and enabling the toiler to return to his task with renewed energies and reawakened vigour, after the novel sensation of spending twenty minutes on the Gigantic Wheel.

NOVEL NOTICES.

ANY observant person in large towns may find frequent entertainment in marking amusing announcements to be seen in shops, on buildings, placards, bill-heads, among advertisements, and so forth. In London, the writer often notices laundry legends certifying that 'collars are washed.'—'Try our coker nuts' and 'Korg drops' are common invitations among the smaller shops, and are evidently well understood of the people. 'Gents sox' may be seen in many hosiers; but we were rather startled by the phonetic simplicity of 'lickrice, one penny a stick,' in a Liverpool toffee-shop.

Last summer, in the window of a walking-stick shop in Plymouth, some canes were marked 'Gents swagger sticks as used by the officers of the garrison.' This we thought rather funny; but were afterwards to find more amusement in a stationer's shop in Bristol, in the window of which was a card bearing the encouraging information: 'School Girls and Boys' Pencils—Excellent make. Warranted to spell correctly and write easily.' Most of us will wish we had only had such an offer in our school-days.

A curious placard posted on the door of a little shop lately attracted the attention of a visitor to Naples. It informed the public that 'the title of Duke is offered for sale—inquire within.'

A bookseller's catalogue is said to have contained this information, 'Memoirs of Charles I.—with a head capitally executed.' This was run pretty close by an advertisement in another catalogue which called attention to a 'new work on Pedestrianism, with copious foot-notes.'

Still in use at some stores near Derby is the following bill-head: 'Boot and Shoe Merchant, Stationer and Haberdasher; dealer in mangles, sewing-machines, trunks, bedsteads, cartridges, gunpowder, and shot. Wools, shovels, furniture, agricultural implements, iron and tinware.—N.B. Agents for Pullar's Dye Works; also for the White Star Line, Liverpool and New York. Prompt attention given to bookbinding. Registry office for servants. Houses completely furnished.'

The cycling mania spread rapidly in Paris. One of the theatre managers there actually announces that 'Ladies and Gentlemen arriving at his house "en bicyclette," can have their machines warehoused free of charge during the performance, in a room specially set apart for the purpose.'

A writer from Sydney gives a curious instance of British enterprise in Australia. In an up-country town, a young Scotchman has

just opened a small hotel, and in order to compete successfully with his longer-established rivals, placed a notice on his door to the effect that 'Persons drinking more than four glasses of his "Burton XXXX," would be sent carefully home free of charge in a wheelbarrow—if desired.' This offer would probably be keenly appreciated by some of the rough customers of the neighbourhood.

Once on a time a placard was to be seen at Kretscham announcing the fact that a dance was to be given. The notice concluded with the following *Nota Bene*—'Ladies without shoes will not be allowed to participate in the dance.'

A churchyard is not usually considered a very cheerful place for courtship; yet there seemed to be a good deal of it in the Northwood Cemetery at Germantown, Pennsylvania. The Directors have found it necessary to erect at the entrance a sign bearing these words: 'Flirting is Prohibited.' The country church is localised to this day in which a very curious notice was once given by the clerk to the congregation. It was to this effect: 'There'll be no service in this church for m'appen a matter of fower weeks, as t' parson's hen is sitting in th' pulpit.'

When an emigrant vessel is expected to arrive at Fremantle, the port of West Australia, notices something like the following are issued on all sides: 'There will arrive by the "Devonshire," shortly—Seventy-two single women—Thirty married couples—and Forty-five single men. The Single Women can be seen, on arrival of vessel, at the Home. There are amongst them experienced Cooks, Housemaids, and General Servants. People requiring domestic servants must state their requirements in writing to Mrs G——.' Such announcements cause great excitement among the colonists, some of whom are seeking wives, and others good servants (much harder to get).

Now that we are on a nautical part of our subject, it may be mentioned that humour can sometimes be gleaned from a tariff bill. For instance, the rate schedule of one of the transatlantic steamship companies sets forth that the price of passage for dogs, cats, and monkeys is ten dollars each; and that those animals 'must be caged before being brought on the steamer, and will then be placed in charge of the butcher.'

For combination of business and sentiment this notice is hard to beat: 'Mr Bronson has the honour and regret to inform his patrons and friends that he has just published a new waltz, "The Breeze of Ontario," and lost his daughter, Susan Deborah, aged fifteen years. The waltz is on sale at all music-sellers, and the funeral will take place to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock.'

From notifications to that effect it now appears that Englishmen are expected not only to be ready to risk their lives, but to pay money down for the luxury of danger, or to what are we to attribute the following announcement? 'War in South Africa.—Expedition now organising to proceed to the front.—Gentlemen of position, who ride and shoot, may join. Cost £200. Guides provided.—

African, G 915, Address and Inquiry Office, &c.' Two hundred pounds will secure to gentlemen of position the pains and pleasures of an ocean voyage, followed by weeks of early rising, bad food and weather, probable sickness, and certain fatigue, which may at last offer the opportunity of a personal experience of the prowess of the warriors who figure in the pages of 'King Solomon's Mines,' with the power of the mounted white and his rifle when pitted against the impi and the assegai.

As we have remarked, amusement can be derived from noticing the slips in grammar and orthography in odd announcements. Still, one may at times discover a mare's nest, as in this instance. A showman had a bill outside his tent which read, 'Come and see the great sawed fish.' A learned gentleman noticed it, and informed the showman that it ought to be 'sword' fish. 'Yer'd better come in and see for yerself; the hadmission is only tuppence,' was the showman's reply. So the learned man paid his tuppence, went in, and was shown a large cod sawed in half. 'Yer ain't the fust gent wat's tried to teach me 'ow to spell; but I've had a good eddication, and I'm running this show to prove it,' grinned the man. The learned gentleman stayed to listen to no more.

O. H.

BRAVE IN DEATH.

'Once between the attacks, when the Matabele had fallen back, they all stood up and took off their hats and sang. The Matabele say they will never attack the white men again, for when men can fight and die like Wilson's party, Kaffirs can do nothing against them.'—From *Westminster Gazette*, on the death of Major Wilson and his party.

'THEY sang—the white men sang—

Sang in the face of death,

And the forest echoes rang

With their triumphant breath.

What know they that we do not know,
These white men, who can perish so?

'They had looked their last on life;

They knew their hour had come;

Yet, for mercy after strife,

Those haughty lips were dumb;

But they sang before their Victor, Death,

And the forest rang with their parting breath!

'Brothers, in vain we rage;

We cannot conquer such;

We have torn wide the cage,

But the bird escapes our touch;

On our spirit falleth a mighty dread;

We feared them most when we left them dead!

Oh men, who perished thus!

You have not died in vain;

Your memory lives with us,

A triumph through the pain;

And our children's children the tale shall tell

Of how you conquered as you fell!

MARY GORGES.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.